

Grade 4



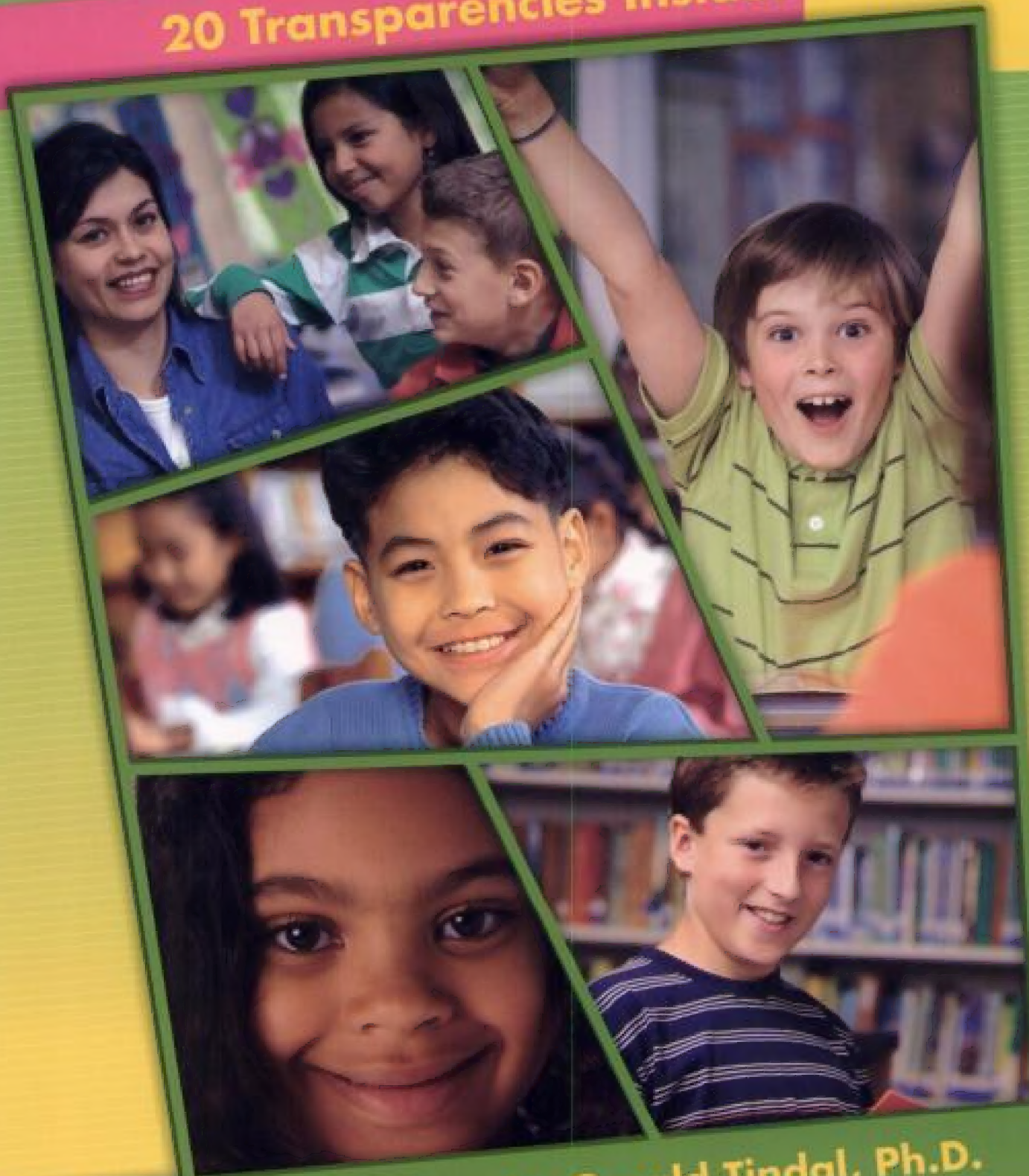
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# BUILDING GRADE 4 FLUENCY

**20 Transparencies Inside!**

**Correlated** to State Standards

- Assessment tools
- 20 transparencies
- Variety of genres: poetry, jokes, tongue twisters, speeches, nonfiction, readers' theater



**Introduction by Gerald Tindal, Ph.D.**



# BUILDING **4** FLUENCY

Fluency has been identified in the Reading First Initiative of the No Child Left Behind Act as one of five essential components of reading instruction. Scientifically based research finds that repeated and monitored oral reading improves fluency and overall reading achievement. *Building Fluency* will help your students build oral reading fluency with selections carefully chosen for their engaging quality, rich language, humor, and cultural literacy value.

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# The Importance of Reading Fluency

by Gerald Tindal, Ph.D.

**S**truggling readers, in general, lack fluency. Therefore, attention to fluency instruction should be a major component of any reading program.

As defined by the National Reading Panel (2000), fluency is “reading text with speed, accuracy, and proper expression.” Fluent readers are like musicians or athletes who no longer have to “think” about a behavior; they “just do it.” A fluent reader moves over the words, sequencing them effortlessly, providing appropriate intonation, and integrating the punctuation. Fluent reading is easily discerned by the reader’s audience.

The importance of reading fluency cannot be underestimated, or its relevance doubted. Comprehension improves when students read quickly, accurately, and smoothly. Jay Samuels, of the University of Minnesota, used the term *automaticity* to describe the relationship between decoding and comprehension. Basically, when students become fluent, decoding is automatic and no cognitive effort is needed to read; the result is a nearly total focus on comprehension.

Additionally, there are some major side benefits of fluency instruction. As students become more fluent readers, they can begin to command their own learning and participate more broadly in the language community. With reading fluency comes greater awareness of the world and opportunity to interact with others, allowing students to help each other practice, rehearse for performances, and share their skills with an audience.

Enjoy helping your students move toward reading fluency!

Dr. Tindal is the Castle-McIntosh-Knight Professor of Education at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Oregon.



# Teaching Fluency

In order for students to become fluent readers, they need to have oral reading **modeled** for them; they need repeated oral reading **practice**; and they benefit greatly from **performing** their oral reading.

## MODELING ORAL READING

Use the overhead transparencies in this book to demonstrate various qualities of fluent oral reading: rate, phrasing, and intonation. (More about using the transparencies appears on page 4.)

### Rate

Explain to students that oral reading rate varies depending on the type of selection being read.

- A faster rate is appropriate for lighthearted pieces such as riddles, jokes, tongue twisters, and limericks.
- A slower rate will better convey meaning when reading nonfiction selections or folk tales and myths.
- Readers' Theater should be read at a rate that corresponds with spoken dialogue.

### Phrasing

Explain the importance of reading in phrases, rather than word by word. Use the transparencies to demonstrate how to divide text into meaningful chunks (see page 4).

### Intonation

Intonation is the distinctive tone of voice that conveys meaning. Guide students to scan ahead for punctuation that signals appropriate intonation.

- A question mark signals the reader to end the sentence with a slightly higher voice.
- An exclamation mark indicates words that should be read with strong feeling.
- Words in quotation marks should be read as if they are being spoken.



## **PRACTICING ORAL READING**

Keep fluency practice fun and interesting by using a variety of techniques, such as those explained below. Older students may have their own ideas about ways to enliven practice.

### **Choral Reading**

Choral reading is simply reading in unison. Enliven your fluency practice by trying a number of approaches to choral reading throughout the year:

- Refrain reading—one student reads most of the piece and the rest of the class reads repeated sections.
- Antiphonal reading—small groups of students are each assigned a different section of text. One group reads its part, and a different group reads another part, such as the chorus or refrain. This technique is effective with chants, songs, and poems.
- Radio reading—small groups of four to six students are assigned a passage of text. Each student reads a part of the passage in the proper order. This technique is perfect for speeches, nonfiction, and tales, myths, and legends.
- Call and response—one student reads part of a joke or riddle, for example, and the whole group responds by reading the punch line or answer.
- Cumulative—one child or small group begins the reading and is sequentially joined by one or more readers until the entire class is reading.

### **Partner Reading**

In partner reading, one student reads a line or a part, and the partner reads the next line or part.

### **Echo Reading**

In echo reading, a proficient reader is paired with a less proficient reader. The better reader reads one sentence or phrase. The other reader echoes back, following along with a finger.

## **PERFORMING ORAL READING**

A performance celebrates the fluency achieved by daily practice. Friday afternoons are a perfect time for your readers to strut their stuff. Invite a buddy class or someone special, such as the principal, to share in the fun!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Ol' Trap Door

I've been a-ridin' bulls ever since I was small  
For eight seconds of glory and the thrill of it all.  
But my backbone still aches and my muscles are sore  
And one arm is longer than it was before  
Since I rode that bull they call Ol' Trap Door.

I felt a bit of panic when I heard, "It's your turn, Slim!"  
Cuz that bull had thrown each man who ever tried to ride him.  
He's a little ol' guy all speckled in blue  
With one horn turned down, and the other askew.  
Still I said to myself, "What's the worst he could do?"

I climbed into the chute with the crowd making noise  
Settled down on his back and yelled, "Open 'er boys!"  
He started to spin, then he leaped way up high.  
He grunted and drooled as he kicked toward the sky.  
I held fast to that rope as the seconds crawled by.

My left hand gripped tightly; my right waved in the air.  
Five more seconds to go and then I'd be there.  
Four seconds, three seconds, two seconds remained.  
He'd tried all his moves and they'd all been in vain.  
I thought for a moment I had that bull tamed.

But Trap Door the bull had one last trick in store.  
He fired off the ground, maybe ten feet or more.  
Then he flipped belly-up, dropped me deep in the dust.  
Now friends heed my words, I'm a man you can trust:  
Ol' Trap Door's a bull that no cowboy can bust.

—Martha Cheney





Name \_\_\_\_\_

**A Sea of Grass and an Endless Sky**

Our little house floats on a sea of grass  
That bends when the winds pass by.  
In rippling shimmers of gold and green,  
It waves to the endless sky.

Oh, a sea of grass and an endless sky  
Are the gifts of a prairie home.  
And though they are humble and lowly gifts,  
They're the gifts that I call my own.

The meadowlark whistles a happy tune  
As he glides through the bright blue air,  
And the flowers strewn through the prairie grass  
Are like jewels for us to wear.

Oh, a meadowlark and a bramble rose  
Are the gifts of a prairie home.  
And though they are humble and lowly gifts,  
They're the gifts that I call my own.

Oh, a sea of grass and an endless sky  
Are the gifts of a prairie home.  
And though you may offer me silver and gold,  
You never will tempt me to roam  
For I love my prairie home.

—*Martha Cheney*



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Sweet Betsy from Pike

Did you eve hear of  
Sweet Betsy from Pike,  
Who crossed the wide prairies  
With her husband, Ike,  
With two yoke of cattle  
And one spotted hog  
A tall Shanghai rooster  
And an old yeller dog?

*Sing toorali, oorali, oorali ay*

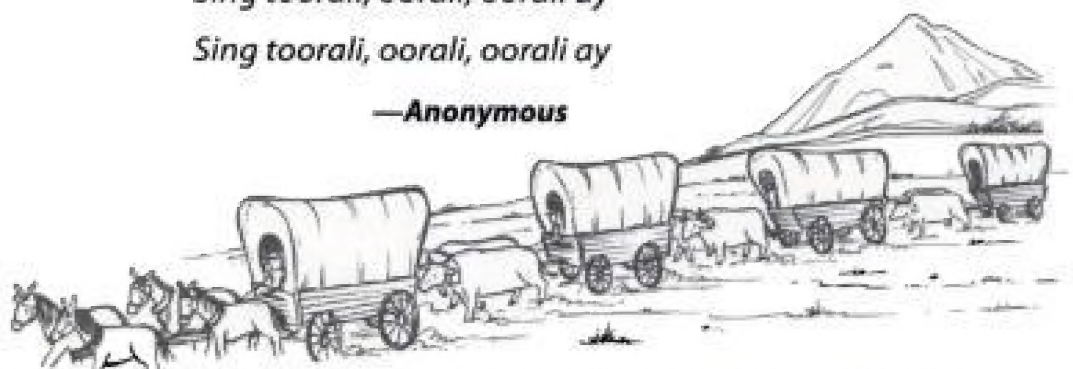
*Sing toorali, oorali, oorali ay*

They swam the wide rivers  
And crossed the tall peaks.  
They camped on the prairie  
For weeks upon weeks.  
They fought off the Indians  
With musket and ball  
And reached California  
In spite of it all.

*Sing toorali, oorali, oorali ay*

*Sing toorali, oorali, oorali ay*

—Anonymous





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Oh, Shenandoah

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
Look away, you rollin' river.  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
Look away. We're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

Now the Missouri is a mighty river.  
Look away, you rollin' river.  
Indians camp along her border.  
Look away. We're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear,  
I'm bound to leave you.  
Look away, you rollin' river.  
Shenandoah, I will not deceive you.  
Look away. We're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

—Anonymous



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Fat Tuesday

Fat Tuesday has dawned in the town of Basile  
And what an excitement it brings!  
The riders are coming. They're dressed up as clowns  
Or fabulous monsters with wings.

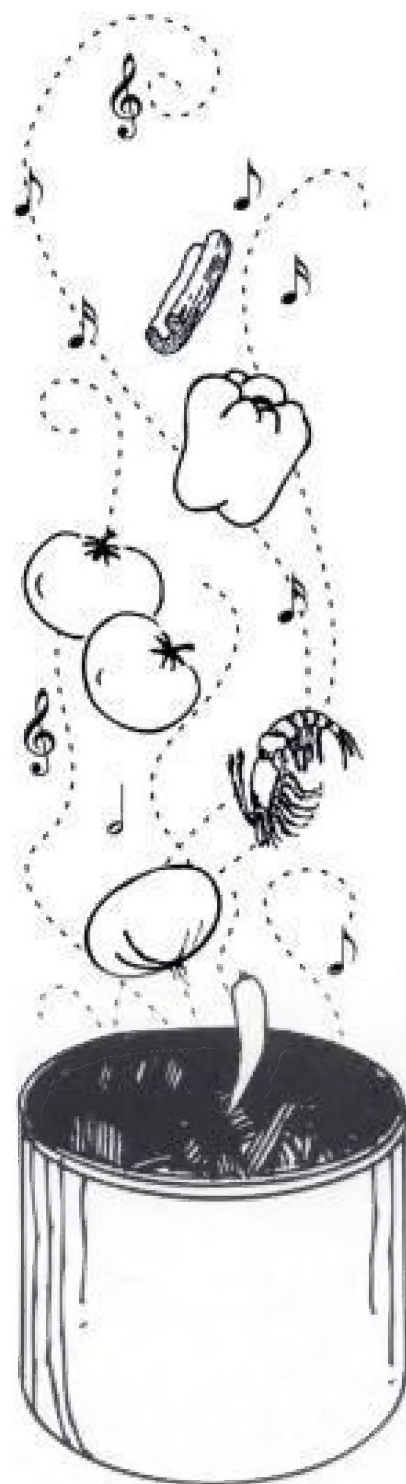
They're up on their horses and off through the streets  
With music and laughter to spare.  
They'll beg for some okra, some onions, some shrimp  
To make a great gumbo to share.

They come to each house with a shout and a plea  
For something to put in the pot.  
Tomatoes or peppers or celery stalks,  
They're going to need quite a lot!

So everyone gives all that they can afford  
And the great gumbo cooking begins.  
And the wonderful smell that drifts through the town  
Beckons all of the families and friends.

And everyone eats while the music plays on  
And they dance and they sing the night through.  
Fat Tuesday brings joy to the town of Basile.  
How I wish I could be there, don't you?

—*Martha Cheney*





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

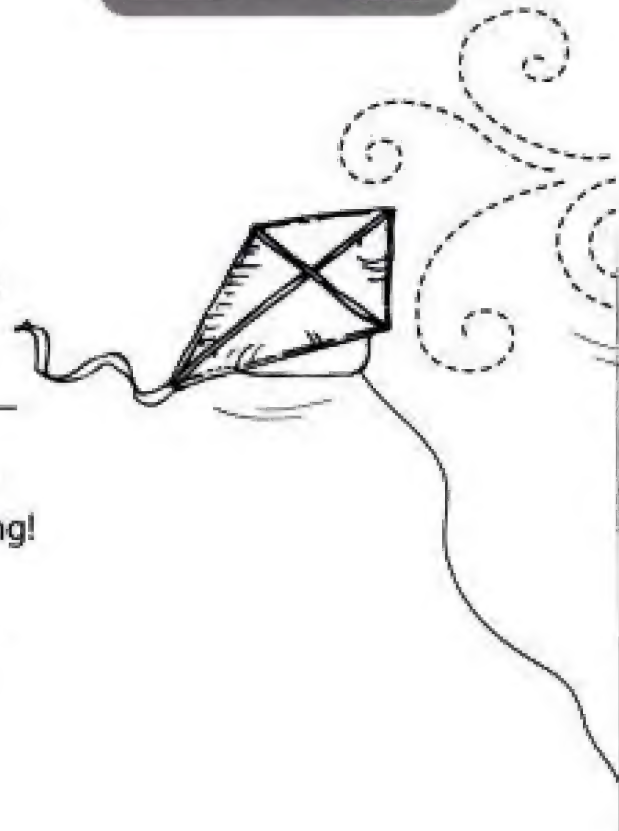
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud and strong!

—Robert Louis Stevenson



Name \_\_\_\_\_

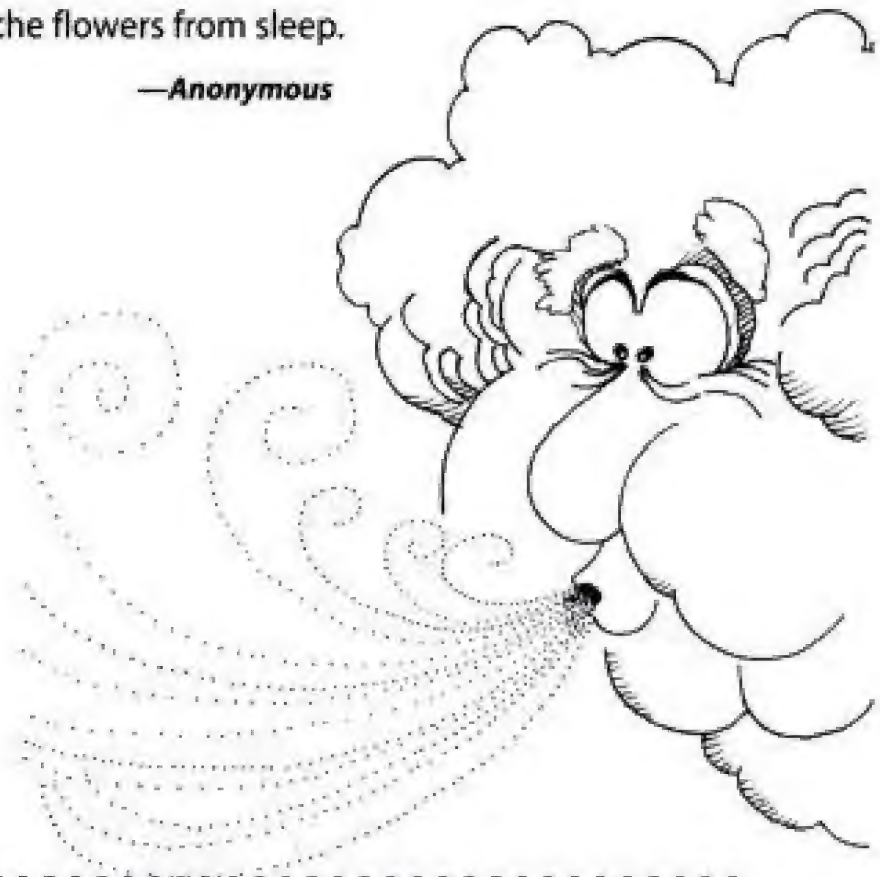
## The March Wind

I come to work as well as play;  
I'll tell you what I do;  
I whistle all the livelong day,  
"Woo-oo-oo-oo! Wee-oo!"

I toss the branches up and down  
And shake them to and fro,  
I whirl the leaves in flocks of brown,  
And send them high and low.

I strew the twigs upon the ground,  
The frozen earth I sweep;  
I blow the children round and round  
And wake the flowers from sleep.

—Anonymous





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates*

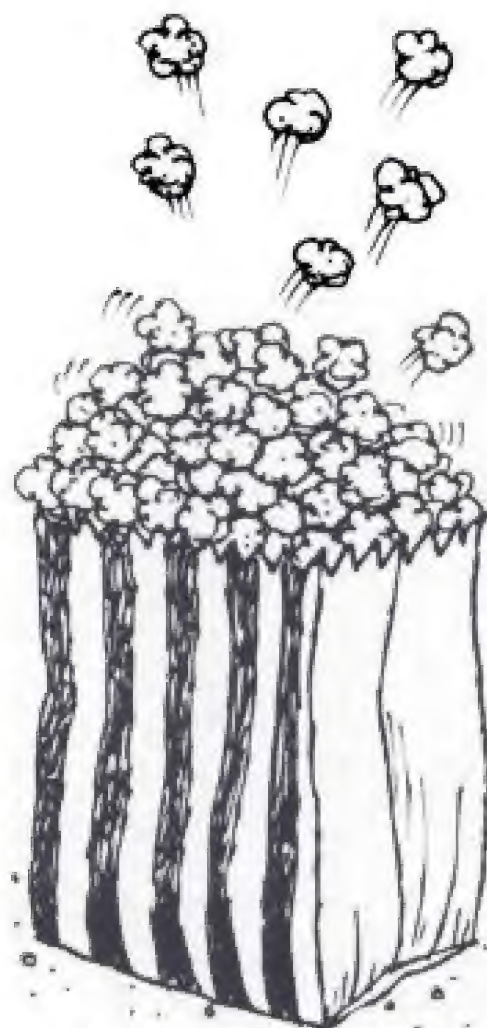


Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Take me out to the ball game,  
Take me out with the crowd.  
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,  
I don't care if I never get back,  
Let me root, root, root for the home team,  
If they don't win it's a shame.  
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,  
At the old ball game.

—Jack Norworth



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Animal Movements

Snakes slither  
and cats creep.

Spiders spin  
and leopards leap.

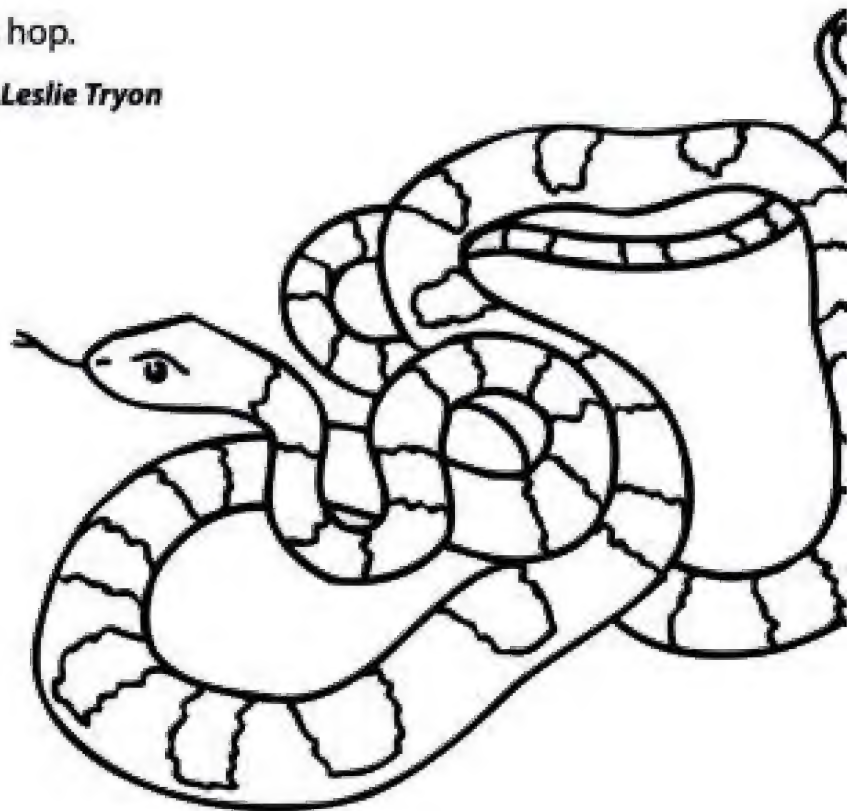
Turtles trudge  
and bunnies bounce.

Falcons fly  
and panthers pounce.

Hummingbirds hover  
and fish flop.

Gulls glide  
and hares hop.

—Leslie Tryon





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Snowflakes

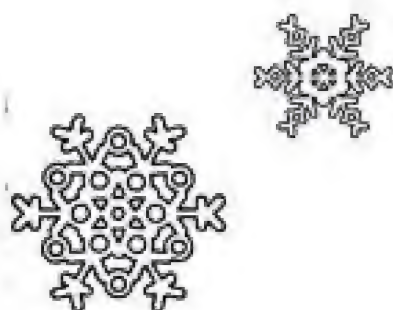
See the pretty snowflakes  
Falling from the sky;  
On the walk and housetop  
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window ledges  
On the branches bare,  
Now how fast they gather,  
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,  
Where the grass was green;  
Covered by the snowflakes,  
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes  
All look soft and white,  
Every twig is laden—  
What a pretty sight!

—Anonymous



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Winter

In some towns  
the birds fly south  
and animals sleep  
in burrows below.

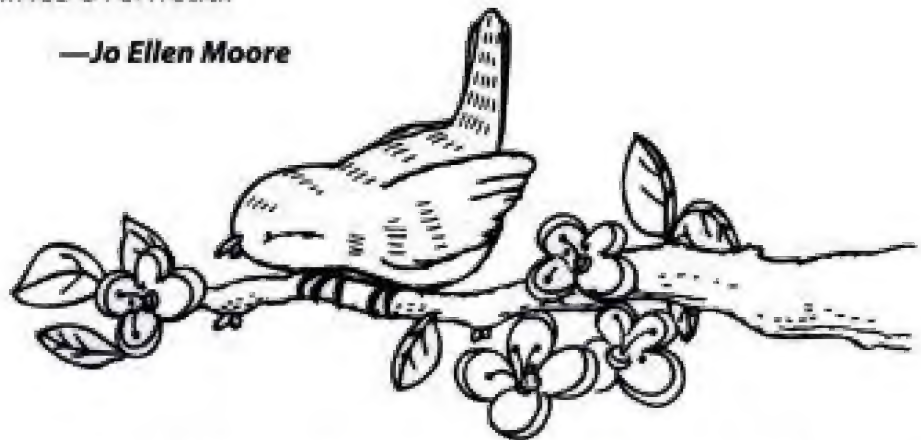
In some towns  
the leaves all fall  
and everything  
is covered with snow.

*But...*

In my town  
the birds still sing  
and flowers bloom  
all year in their bed.

In my town  
the leaves stay green  
and a warm sun  
shines overhead.

—Jo Ellen Moore



Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Bug in a Jug**

Curious fly,  
Vinegar jug,  
Slippery edge,  
Pickled bug.

—Anonymous

**The Firefly**

The firefly is a funny bug,  
He hasn't any mind.  
He blunders all the way through life  
With his headlight on behind.

—Anonymous





# Riddles, Jokes, and Tongue Twisters

## Knock Knock Jokes

**Page 31** Iguanadon  
Tuscaloosa

## Doctor Jokes

**Page 32** Open Wide!\*  
Going Down  
Oh, No!

**Page 33** Pass the Ketchup  
Huh?  
Have We Met?

**Page 34** All Right, I Guess...  
Expired  
Batter Up!

## Riddles

**Page 35** Genius at Work  
Watch Out!  
Going Solo

**Page 36** Don't Slouch!  
Follow the Rules  
Nature Power

**Page 37** Tee Time  
Don't Look!  
Just Don't Kill It!  
Pinocchio

## Tongue Twisters

**Page 38** Don't Even Think About It!\*  
Tummy Ache  
Stretch  
Do You Have the Time?

**Page 39** Nap Time  
Call the Plumber  
Buyer Beware  
A Flea and a Fly  
Sheep Asleep

\* Transparency provided

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Iguanadon

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Iguanadon.

Iguanadon who?

Iguanadon town to see the dinosaur exhibit.

## Tuscaloosa

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Tuscaloosa.

Tuscaloosa who?

Tuscaloosa on an  
older elephant.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Open Wide!

**Dentist:** Good grief. You have the biggest cavity I've ever seen...ever seen...ever seen.

**Patient:** You don't have to repeat yourself.

**Dentist:** I didn't. That was an echo.

## Going Down

**Patient:** Doctor, I have this terrible problem. When I go shopping, I take home everything that's marked down.

**Doctor:** Why is that such a problem?

**Patient:** Last week, I took home an escalator!

## Oh, No!

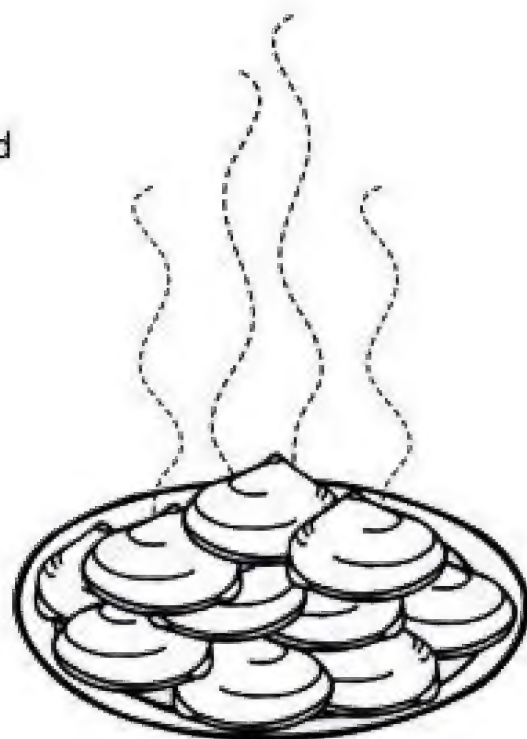
**Patient:** My stomach has been aching ever since I ate those twelve oysters yesterday.

**Doctor:** Were they fresh?

**Patient:** I don't know.

**Doctor:** Well, how did they look when you opened the shells?

**Patient:** You're supposed to open the shells?





Name \_\_\_\_\_

### Pass the Ketchup

**Patient:** I was just bitten on the leg by a dog.

**Doctor:** Did you put anything on it?

**Patient:** No. He liked it just the way it was.

### Huh?

**Patient:** I am not well, Doctor.

**Doctor:** What seems to be the trouble?

**Patient:** I work like a horse, eat like a bird, and I'm as tired as a dog.

**Doctor:** Sounds to me like you ought to see a veterinarian.

### Have We Met?

**Patient:** Doctor, you must help me. I can't remember anything.

**Doctor:** How long has this been going on?

**Patient:** How long has what been going on?



Name \_\_\_\_\_

### All Right, I Guess...

**Patient:** I just swallowed a harmonica. What should I do?

**Doctor:** Be happy.

**Patient:** Be happy about what?

**Doctor:** Be happy you weren't playing the piano.

### Expired

**Patient:** Doctor, my husband thinks he's a parking meter.

**Doctor:** That's serious. Have him come to see me this Friday.

**Patient:** I'm sorry. He can't make it. Friday is the day they come and take the coins out of his mouth.

### Batter Up!

**Doctor:** What do you dream about at night?

**Patient:** Baseball.

**Doctor:** Don't you dream about anything else.

**Patient:** What? And miss my turn at bat?



Name \_\_\_\_\_

### Genius at Work

Why did the scientist have a wet head?

*(Because he was having a brainstorm!)*

### Watch Out!

What goes ha ha boink?

*(A man laughing his head off!)*

### Going Solo

Why did the skeleton go to the party on his own?

*(Because he had nobody to go with!)*





Name \_\_\_\_\_

### Don't Slouch!

Why doesn't a bicycle stand straight?

*(Because it is 2 tired)*

### Follow the Rules

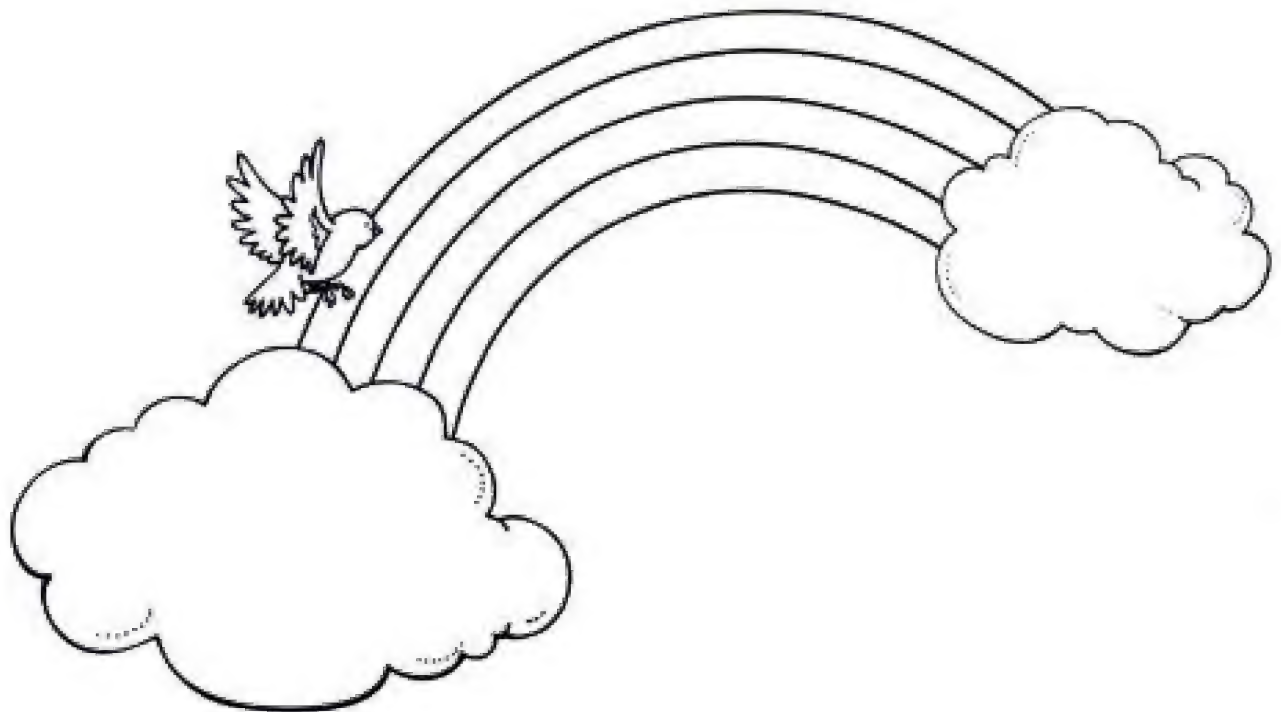
What animal should you not play a game with?

*(A cheetah)*

### Nature Power

What bow can't be untied?

*(A rainbow)*



Name \_\_\_\_\_

### Tee Time

Why do golfers need 2 pairs of pants?  
*(In case they get a hole in one)*

### Don't Look!

What's white and flies up?  
*(A confused snowflake)*

### Just Don't Kill It!

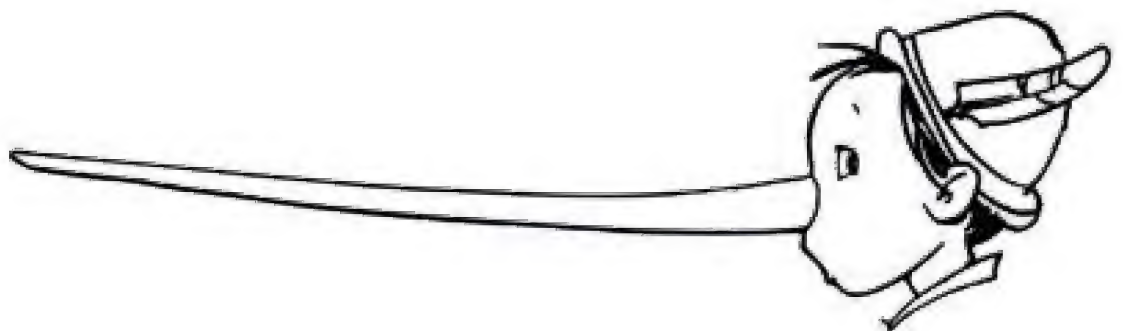
**Dan:** What's purple and green with yellow and black stripes and has a hundred legs?

**Donna:** I don't know.

**Dan:** I don't know either, but it's crawling up your neck.

### Pinocchio

Can a person have a nose twelve inches long?  
*(No. Then it would be a foot.)*



Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Don't Even Think About It!**

I thought a thought.  
But the thought I thought  
wasn't the thought I thought I thought.

**Tummy Ache**

Quentin and the quadruplets consumed their quota  
of quesadillas in the quad. They felt queasy, so they quit!

**Stretch**

In Stratford, the strapping stranger struggled to straddle the stream.

**Do You Have the Time?**

Two witches bought two wrist watches,  
but which witch wore which wrist watch?





Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Nap Time**

Stray sheep strolled across the street to stretch out across the straw.

**Call the Plumber**

After the quake in Quebec, a quantity of Q-tips clogged the quarry.

**Buyer Beware**

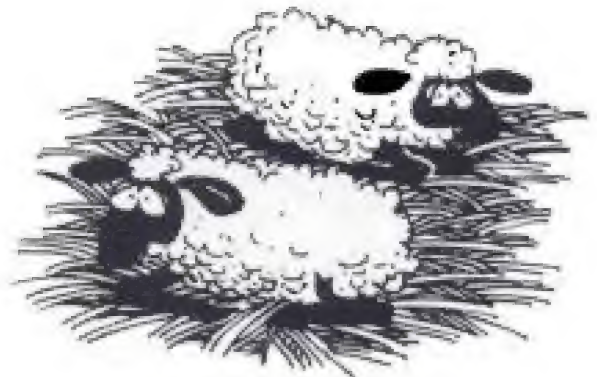
Theo's throat throbbed as the throng of threatening shoppers thrust through the thrift shop door.

**A Flea and a Fly**

A flea and a fly flew up in a flue. Said the flea, "Let us fly!" Said the fly, "Let us flee!"

**Sheep Asleep**

Sheep shouldn't sleep ia a shack.  
Sheep should sleep in a shed.



# Nonfiction

**Page 41** Why Wear Seat Belts?

**Page 43** America's Uncle\*

**Page 44** Gold!

**Page 45** Florida Everglades

**Page 46** Who Owns McDonald's?

**Page 48** Wild Child in the White House\*

**Page 49** Edible Insects\*

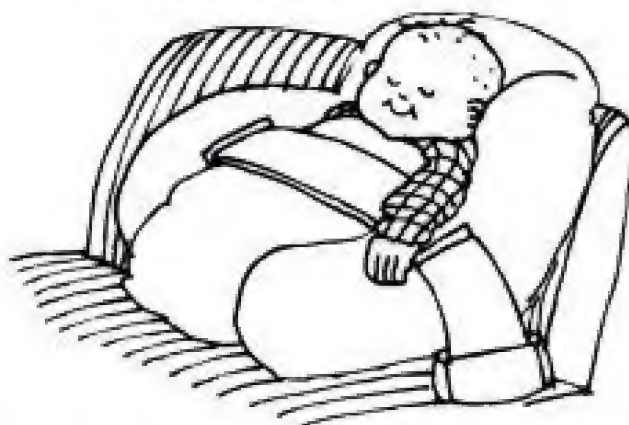
**Page 50** Up Close and Personal with George Washington\*

**Page 51** The Buffalo

\* Transparency provided

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Why Wear Seat Belts?



**Host:** Some people think they don't need to buckle up when they are riding around town. We're here with a safety expert who will explain why wearing seat belts helps to save lives. Mr. Expert, why wear a seat belt?

**Safety Expert:** When a car stops quickly, your body jerks forward. If the car stops fast enough, your body might fly off the seat. You may not stop until you hit the dashboard or windshield. You could even be thrown from the car. Seat belts hold you in your seat. They also keep you inside the car, which is the safest place to be.

**Host:** How do seat belts work?

**Safety Expert:** Most seat belts have two parts. The shoulder belt crosses over your collarbone. It keeps your upper body in place. The lap belt passes over your hipbones. It holds your lower body against the seat. You should wear both parts to be safe.

**Host:** What are child safety seats?

**Safety Expert:** Seat belts don't fit young children and babies. Shoulder belts don't properly cross their collarbones. Lap belts may not hold them in place. Child safety seats are made just for babies and young children.



**Host:** Can parents hold children on their laps?

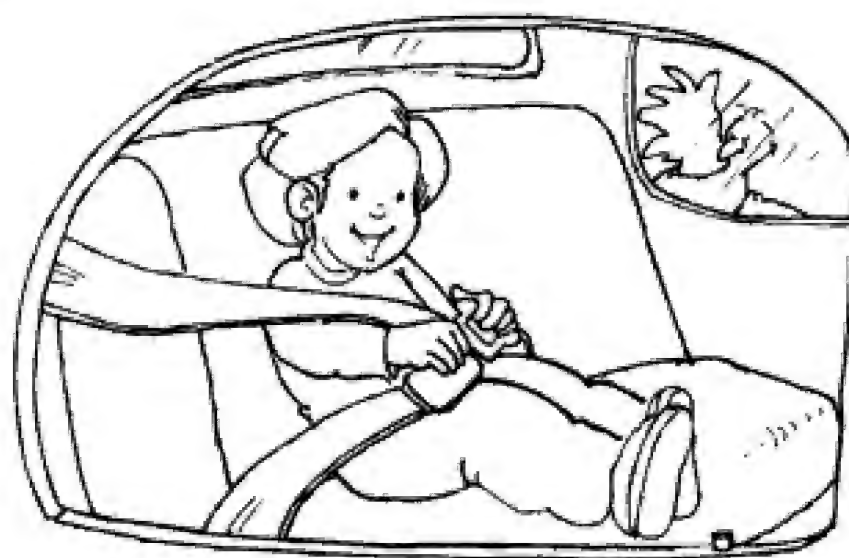
**Safety Expert:** You might think children are easy to hold onto during a crash. But when a car stops suddenly, the child's body keeps moving forward. A man holding the child no longer holds just the child's weight. He also has to keep her from flying out of his arms. This makes a child feel much heavier. A child can feel as if she or he weighs hundreds of pounds! Babies and young children should ride in child safety seats. Older children should wear seat belts.

**Host:** Do I have to wear a seat belt if my car has air bags?

**Safety Expert:** In a crash, air bags automatically pop out to cushion your body. But you must still wear a seat belt. It keeps you in the correct position so you hit the airbag at the right spot. Babies and children shouldn't sit in the front seat. Front air bags come out with great force and can cause harm.

**Host:** Do I have to wear a seat belt around town?

**Safety Expert:** Crashes most often happen close to a person's home. But they can happen anywhere. You should wear a seat belt whenever you're riding in a car.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## America's Uncle



Have you ever seen a picture of a tall man with a long white beard who wears a red, white, and blue suit? That man is Uncle Sam. He has been a symbol of the United States for almost 200 years.

No one is really sure where Uncle Sam came from. Some people think the first Uncle Sam was a real person named Sam Wilson. During the War of 1812, Samuel Wilson was a businessman who supplied the U.S. Army with beef in barrels. The barrels were labeled "U.S." When asked what the initials stood for, one of Wilson's workers said it stood for Uncle Sam Wilson. After that, the soldiers started calling the meat "Uncle Sam's meat." They called themselves "Uncle Sam's army."

In the 1830s, people began using Uncle Sam as a cartoon symbol for the United States. These artists gave Uncle Sam his red, white, and blue suit and his top hat.

During World War I, Uncle Sam was used to encourage men to join the army. A poster showed Uncle Sam pointing. The poster read, "I want YOU for the U.S. Army."

Today, Uncle Sam is still a symbol of the United States. You can see him in cartoons, posters, and advertisements. He is one of the most common and easily recognized symbols of America.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Gold!



On a cold winter's day in January 1848, James Marshall was walking along the American River in California. Marshall was building a sawmill for a man named John Sutter.

Marshall saw something shiny in the water. He scooped it up. The object looked like a gold nugget. Marshall brought the nugget back to Sutter, and the two men tested it. It was gold!

Sutter wanted to keep the discovery a secret. He wanted to protect his property. He needed time to make sure he could claim the gold for himself.

The discovery of gold, however, was too big a secret to keep. Within a few weeks, word got out that there was gold at Sutter's Mill. Gold fever swept the nation. Men rushed to California from all over the United States and the world to prospect for gold. They dreamed of incredible riches.

The most popular way to find gold was panning. A gold prospector scooped up river water in a pan and swirled it around. Heavy gold would settle on the bottom. It was rare, however, to find enough gold to make a fortune. Most gold prospectors did not get rich, but many stayed in California.

As for John Sutter, he lost all his land to prospectors. He lost his fortune, too. James Marshall's discovery did not make him rich either, but both men's names live on in an exciting part of American history.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Florida Everglades



The Everglades is a huge marsh in southern Florida. It is formed by water overflowing from Lake Okeechobee. Most of the Everglades is less than 8 feet above sea level. The water is shallow and filled with plants. One common plant is a sharp-edged grass called saw grass. Other parts of the Everglades are filled with mangroves. Mangroves are trees that grow in muddy swamps. There are so many plants in the water that the Everglades is sometimes called “the river of grass.”

The Everglades is full of animals, too. Alligators and crocodiles live in watery holes. Wading birds, such as egrets and anhingas, walk through the water looking for fish. Bald eagles fly overhead. Bobcats, panthers, and bears prowl along the shore. The waters and swamps are filled with snakes and fish. A large gentle mammal called the manatee also lives and swims in the water.

Over the years, people have done a lot of damage to the Everglades. Lake Okeechobee has been dammed many times, so less fresh water reaches the Everglades. People have also drained swamps to provide land for new houses and businesses. Because of these events, many animals in the Everglades are at risk.

The good news is that the Everglades is now a national park, so the land cannot be developed or changed. Endangered animals are also protected by the government. These efforts may help save one of America’s national treasures.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Who Owns McDonald's?



Jack and his grandmother are eating at McDonald's. Jack twirls a French fry in a pool of catsup. "Wouldn't it be fun to own McDonald's, Grandma?" He pops the fry into his mouth. "We could have all the hamburgers and fries we want!"

Jack's grandmother sets her sandwich down. "Well, I know someone who owns McDonald's."

"You do?"

"Yes!" she exclaims. "You!"

"Me?" Jack looks around the restaurant. "You mean I own this place?"

Jack's grandmother laughs. "Well, you're one of the many owners. When you were born, I bought you some McDonald's stock."

"Stock?" Jack questions. "What's that?"

"Stock is a way to own a business," she explains.

Some businesses, like McDonald's, have stock. But most businesses don't because they are too small. At one time, even McDonald's was small. Back in the 1950s, there was only one tiny McDonald's hamburger stand. It had just two owners, Dick and Mac McDonald.

Sometimes, businesses grow larger. They hire more workers and build new stores or offices. To pay for their growing business, the owners have to come up with more and more money. That's when they decide to sell stock.

Stock is a share of ownership in a business. The business divides its ownership into equal shares, like cutting a pie into equal slices. Then the business sells these shares. By selling shares, the business can make money.

Anyone who wishes to can buy the shares. This means the business has many owners. Because owners buy shares, they are called shareholders. Today, McDonald's is owned by thousands of shareholders.

"Since I'm a shareholder," Jack asks his grandmother, "can I get free food?"

"No, you still have to pay," his grandmother replies. "But you can get something that lasts much longer—money. McDonald's pays you some money each year. And if you sell your stock sometime, you might earn even more money."

Jack stands up and takes their trays. "We better take care of my business, Grandma."

"Yes," she replies. "Let's buy some dessert!"

Look around you now. What products from companies with shareholders have you used today at school? Perhaps you typed on an Apple computer. Maybe you wrote on paper made by Avery-Dennison. Or maybe your classroom was lit with General Electric light bulbs.

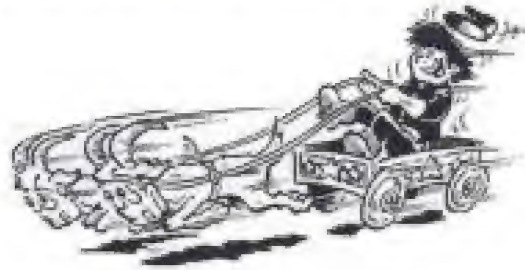
Here are 10 more well-known corporations. How many have you heard of?

Alcoa Inc.	Citigroup Inc.
American Express Co.	Coca-Cola Co.
AT&T Corp.	DuPont Co.
Boeing Co.	Eastman Kodak Co.
Caterpillar Inc.	Exxon Mobil Corp.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Wild Child in the White House



Abraham Lincoln had four boys. The youngest was named Thomas. As a baby, Thomas had a very big head and a tiny body. Abe thought Thomas looked like a tadpole and nicknamed him "Tad."

Tad was 8 years old when his father became president and the family moved into the White House. Tad soon developed a reputation as a trickster. He turned on fire hoses and got people wet. He locked doors and broke things. He whittled the carved White House furniture into designs he liked better.

Tad's parents thought he was just having fun and seldom scolded him. Once, however, he drove two goats through the East Room. The president did have a talk with Tad about that.

Tad liked to make money. He sold apples to people who were waiting to talk to the president. He had a yard sale and sold his parents' clothes. He charged children to ride in his goat cart. Lincoln laughed and thought Tad was clever.

One Thanksgiving, a huge turkey was sent to the president. Tad begged for the turkey's life to be spared. When it was, he named the bird Jack. Then he put a string around its neck and led it around the White House grounds.

Life in the White House was never dull with Tad Lincoln around!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Edible Insects

Hungry? How about a snack of mealworm cookies, chocolate covered ants, or fried crickets?

You probably shudder at the thought of eating bugs! But the truth is that you eat insects every day. There are insect parts in your peanut butter. There are grasshopper fragments in your pizza. There are bits of bugs in your candy bars. Almost all foods contain some insect parts. There is no way to keep food products insect-free. Each of us eats about two pounds of insect parts every year!

Around the world, insects are an important source of food. In Thailand, children catch tree beetles. These are fried as crunchy snacks. In Japan, cooks make a yummy dish from boiled wasp larvae. In Africa, people think roasted termites make a great meal. In Colombia, sidewalk vendors sell skewers of grilled grubs.

Insects are not only good, they're good for you! They are a good source of minerals. They are low in calories. They are a good source of protein. A cricket patty does not have quite as much protein as a beef patty, but it is much lower in fat.

Insects are very easy to raise. They reproduce quickly. Unlike cattle and pigs, insects require little space to grow. Insect farming is environmentally friendly. Many insects can be grown without harming the land. And insects can be raised in areas where other livestock cannot grow.

Insects can even be grown on a space ship. They could be a valuable source of food for astronauts on a long journey into space! Bugs may be the food of the future!

So, be prepared. Someday soon, when you order a burger, your waiter might ask you a strange new question: "You want flies with that?"



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Up Close and Personal with George Washington



It was hard not to notice George Washington as he walked by. He stood 6'2" tall and weighed 200 pounds. He had broad shoulders and powerful hands. He also had very large feet. He wore a size 13 shoe, a real oddity in those days. His handsome appearance was marred only by smallpox scars on his face.

If paintings picture Washington as tight-lipped and sad looking, there was a reason for this. His artificial teeth fit badly and bothered him throughout his life. You probably wouldn't smile for a picture either if your false teeth hurt—especially if they were made of wood, as were Washington's!

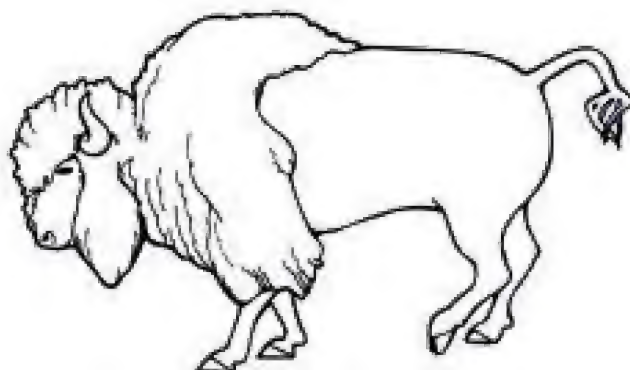
You have probably heard the story of how Washington as a boy chopped down his father's cherry tree. He supposedly confessed to his father, saying that he could not tell a lie. That story is not true. It was invented by an early author to make Washington appear to be as perfect and faultless as possible.

George Washington was not perfect. He had faults like everyone else. But no one can deny that he was a great American.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Buffalo



For the Plains Indians, the most important animal on the North American continent was the buffalo. Almost everything they ate, wore, or used came from the buffalo.

Native Americans never wasted any part of a killed animal. Horns were made into spoons and drinking cups. Bones were shaped into sewing needles and other tools. The muscles along the buffalo's backbone were dried and used as sewing thread. This sinew was also twisted together to form strong bow strings. A buffalo stomach was cleaned out and used as a cooking pot. Dried buffalo droppings were burned in campfires because wood was scarce.

Hides were tanned and used for tipis and clothing. Small pieces of hide were stretched over hollow pieces of wood to make drums. Buffalo hair was used for making ropes, belts, paintbrushes, and decorations. The women left the hair on some of the hides and tanned the other side to make buffalo blankets for cold winter weather.

Meat from the buffalo was the main food source for these people. After the hunt, some of the meat was eaten at a special feast where the spirits were thanked. The rest of the meat was cut into strips and dried. Then it was pounded together with wild berries to make pemmican, a kind of meat jerky.

In 1800, there were nearly 60 million buffalo in North America. By 1890, that number had fallen to less than a thousand. Without the buffalo, the way of life for Plains Indians was changed forever.

# Fiction

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**Page 57** How Coyote Helped Light the World

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**Page 63** The Fox and the Stork\*

**Page 64** Why Making Maple Syrup Is Hard Work\*

\* Transparency provided



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## How Pecos Bill Got His Name



Pecos Bill was raised by a coyote. In fact, he thought that he was a coyote until he was full-grown. You see, when Bill was four, his family decided to move west from Texas. His pa loaded the family—Ma and all seventeen children—into an old covered wagon. Bill's ma and pa sat on the seat at the front of the wagon, and all the children rode in the back. The noise that those children made was louder than a giant clap of thunder rattlin' in a big black cloud.

Just as the wagon was about to ford the Pecos River, it bounced over a rock on the trail. Bill bounced out and landed on a pile of sand. It wasn't until the wagon stopped for the noonday meal that the red-haired boy was missed. Bill's ma and pa and all of his brothers and sisters searched the trail. But there was no sign of a little boy. The last that anyone could remember seeing Bill was just before the wagon had crossed the Pecos River. After that, whenever anyone thought of Bill, they thought of the river, too. That's when they began to call him Pecos Bill.

Well now, Bill had been rescued, but not by a human. It was a kind coyote that took Bill home. The coyote taught Bill the ways of the wilderness. Bill was a fast learner. It wasn't long before he knew all the secrets of hunting. He could find a field mouse in its nest. He knew where the thrush hid her eggs and where the squirrels stored their nuts. He could leap long distances and run for hours without tiring. He spoke the language of the coyote and understood each of the wild beasts. Every night he sat with his coyote family. They yipped and howled at the sky.



Bill was a striking beast. His skin was a shiny dark brown from his hours in the sun. His long uncombed red hair fell over his shoulders. Strong muscles rippled on his arms and legs.

One afternoon, a wandering cowboy happened upon Bill. The wild man was sitting by the edge of the Pecos River. The two stared at each other in wonder. Bill had never seen a man. The cowboy had never seen a wild creature like this one. They circled each other warily. Bill yelped and began to run away. The cowboy mimicked the yelps and stood his ground.

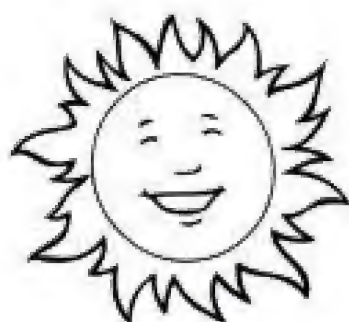
For nearly a month, the cowboy and Bill wandered around each other. They shared meals from the meat that Bill dragged in from the kill. They drank from the clear stream. It was there, when they were drinking together, that Bill first looked at his reflection. He saw how he was like the man.

Pecos Bill, the wild coyote-man, found out he was really a human. And the cowboy? He was one of Bill's long-lost brothers. In the end, Bill was reunited with his family. He went on to become one of the most famous cowboys who ever lived.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Why the Sun Lives in the Sky



Long, long ago, in the time of the beginning before beginnings, everything lived on Earth. Sun and Water shared the same neighborhood.

Sun and Water were not only neighbors, they were best friends. Sun was always rolling down the street to Water's house for a visit. Water had a huge house because she needed room for all her relatives. She lived with fish, dolphins, crabs, seaweed, and eels, to name just a few.

But Sun never invited Water over. Sun's house was just too small for all those relatives. This hurt Water's feelings. Water cried buckets, but Sun never noticed.

Finally, Water was weary of holding onto her sadness. She had to tell Sun about her feelings. Water decided to be direct for once.

"Why don't you ever invite me over to your house?" Water asked Sun.

Clouds formed around Sun's shining face. "My house is smaller than your house. I don't have room for you and all the fish, dolphins, crabs, seaweed, and eels that live with you." Then the clouds disappeared as Sun went on. "Because you are my very best friend, I have decided to build a humongous house. This house will be big enough for you and all the fish, dolphins, crabs, seaweed, and eels that have to come with you."

The very next day, Sun started building. He quickly built the biggest house in the neighborhood. Right away, Water rushed over and beat against the front door.

Sun had to push hard to open the door. Water and all the fish, dolphins, crabs, seaweed, and eels poured in. They took up so much room that Sun was pushed over to a windowsill. Then he was washed up to a door frame. Finally, he bobbed against the ceiling. Still, Water and the fish, dolphins, crabs, seaweed, and eels kept flowing into the house. Pretty soon, Sun rolled onto the rooftop.

Water bubbled up to the roof and gurgled, "What a roomy house! Thank you for inviting us over. We love flowing from floor to ceiling and covering everything!"

What could Sun do? Mist swirled around his head as he thought and thought. Finally, mist evaporated and Sun beamed, "I need an even bigger house!"

Soon, Sun arose from the rooftop of his house. He rolled up and up and around and around until he reached the sky. He kept rising higher and higher. He rose so high that he could look down on the Earth. He saw Water and all her relatives flowing up over the rooftop of his house and covering the whole neighborhood. Sun said, "Wow! What an awesome view. I can light up everything for miles and miles. I can even shine down on Water and warm up the flying fish and dolphins."

Sun and Water remained friends. They helped each other. But they each had their own neighborhood. Sun shined in the sky, and Water flowed over the Earth. And that's where they have been ever since.





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## How Coyote Helped to Light the World

Long, long ago, the whole world was dark. Coyote could not see where he was going. He stumbled around in the thick blackness. He was looking for a ray of light. Searching, Coyote struggled up a mountain. Higher and higher he climbed. He bumped into rocks and trees. He slipped and slid. His paws were rubbed raw. Every step hurt. At last, Coyote made it to the top of the mountain. There was no light to be seen.

Hawk happened to be above that very mountain. He was circling in the dark sky, trying to find his way. He swooped too low. Smack! Hawk slammed right into Coyote. Hawk struck Coyote right on the nose. "Yeeow!" howled Coyote. "You've bent my whiskers!"

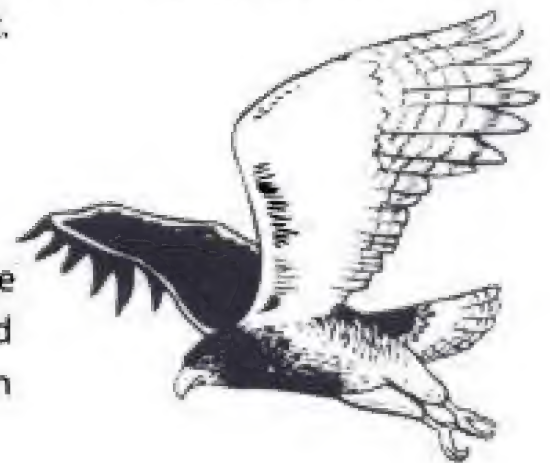
Hawk screeched. He shook his feathers. But he didn't start a fight. Instead, Hawk said, "I'm sorry I ran into you. It's so dark that I couldn't see you."

"It wasn't your fault," said Coyote. "I didn't see you either. I would have kept my big nose out of the way."

Again, Hawk circled overhead. Coyote rested on the mountaintop. They had a good talk. The two agreed. It would be a wonderful world if only they had light. "Let's stop talking about it. Let's do something!" said Coyote.

Hawk agreed, "But what can a hawk and a coyote do?"

Coyote and Hawk thought and thought. The harder they thought, the darker things seemed to get. Coyote grew tired. His eyes closed. Then the darkness whispered an idea to him.



"I've got it!" Coyote said. "I'll gather up tule (TOO-lee) from the marsh. I'll wrap the grass into a ball."

Hawk thought that was ridiculous. "Tule is just marsh grass. That won't make light." Hawk shook his feathers. Off he flew into the dark sky.

Coyote pawed his way down to the marsh. He picked some tule. He wrapped it around and around. After a very long time, Coyote had the biggest ball in the world.

Hawk began to feel bad. He found Coyote again. "I'm sorry," Hawk told him. "I'm back to help you. What can I do?"

"It's about time," said Coyote. "Here, take this ball and these flints."

Hawk was still in the dark. What was he supposed to do? Coyote told him, "Only you can fly high enough, Hawk. Strike the flints to make a spark. Light the tule ball. Then let it go quickly. And, don't get burned."

Hawk was proud. He could fly and Coyote couldn't. Up Hawk flew, higher and higher. Coyote's howls urged him on. Hawk grasped the ball with his claws. It was hard to hold the flints, too. Hawk clenched the flints in his beak and one claw. He struck the flints together. There was a bright spark! But the angry North Wind blew it out. "This is my home," he exploded at Hawk. "Leave at once!"

Hawk's feathers were flying in the wind. But he was too proud to fail. He would not leave. Hawk tried again and again to create a spark. The North Wind blasted again and again. Hawk lost hope. Just then, a spark jumped to life. It caught the ball and set it on fire. In fright, Hawk let go of the flaming ball. The sky blazed with light.

With shining wings, Hawk flew to Earth. His feathers glistened in the blazing light. Hawk crowed with pride, "If it weren't for me, there would be no sun in the sky."

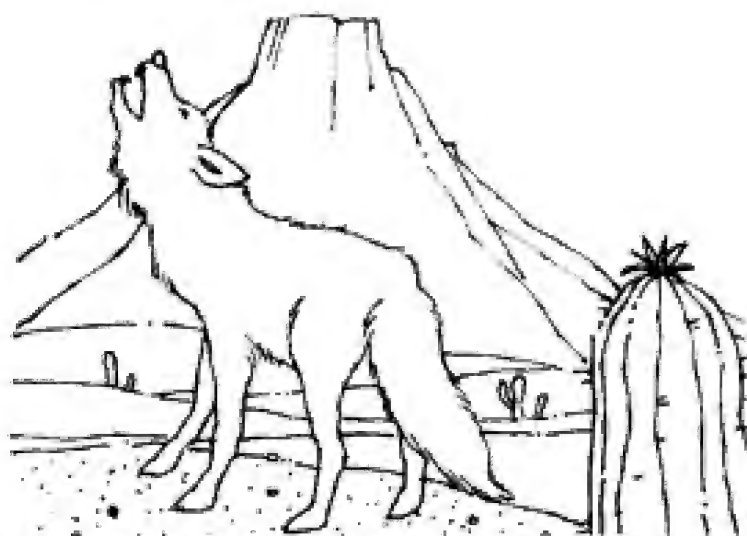
Coyote heard Hawk bragging. He didn't care. Coyote knew the truth. And Coyote saw the world for the first time! He noticed his bloody red paws. He admired his own fine yellow fur. He saw green trees and golden grasses. He saw the brook dancing. Far off, he saw snowy white mountain peaks.

But the sun did not stay all the time. It went away and left the dark night. The darkness came back again and again. Coyote became unhappy once more. He thought of another plan. He went to Hawk. But Hawk didn't want to hear about it. "You're never happy. Didn't I already put the sun in the sky?" he snapped. "Now you want me to light the night sky, too."

"You are such a great bird," said Coyote. "You fly so high. Do one more thing. All living things will love you."

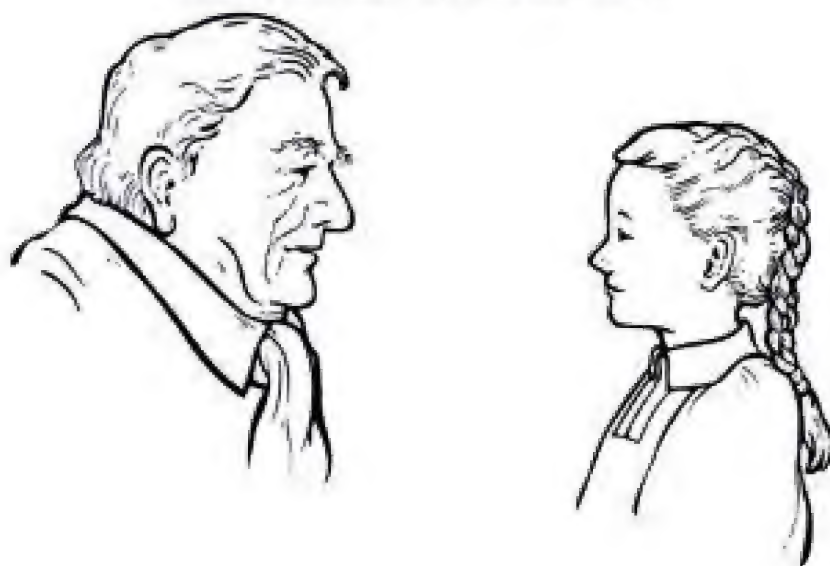
Hawk was flattered. After all, only he could fly high enough. So Coyote wadded up more tule into a ball. Hawk flew into the night sky. He lit the ball of grass. This time, the ball did not blaze brightly. Instead, it just glowed softly. It sent up silvery smoke. And that is why the moon shines with a dim light.

Coyote blamed himself. The ball of grass he made was too damp. That is why his great-grandchildren still howl at the moon. "Yeeow! The moon is too dim," they yelp.





## Master of All Masters



Long ago and far away, there lived a young lass named Margery. Margery was a fine and clever girl, but she had no family to take care of her. One morning, she took herself off to the village fair, thinking to hire out as a serving girl. After a time, an old gentleman came along and offered her a job. He was a rather funny fellow, but he seemed kindly enough, so she agreed.

After walking several miles, they arrived at his home—a small but tidy cottage—and he showed her the kitchen, the pleasant garden, the wash house, and her own tiny room.

“Now,” the old man said, “I expect you to know how to wash and cook.”

“Yes, indeed, sir,” answered Margery.

“Very well. But my house is not like any other. In my house, I have my very own names for things, and I expect you to use these names at all times.”

“Yes, sir,” said Margery, for she was an agreeable girl.

"What will you call me?" asked the old man.

"Why, master or mister or whatever you please, sir," said the girl.

"Nay," he said. "You must call me master of all masters. And what would you call this?" pointing to his bed.

"Bed or bunk, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, that's my barnacle. And what do you call these?" said he, holding up a pair of trousers.

"Pants or trousers, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call them squibs and crackers. And what would you call her?" stroking the little gray cat.

"Cat or kitten, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call her white-faced simony," he said. "And now this." He pointed to the fire. "What would you call this?"

"Fire or flame, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it hot cockalorum. And what about this?" he went on, showing the girl a pail of water.

"Water or wet, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, cool pondalorum is its name. And what do you call all this?" he asked as he waved his hand about to indicate the whole house.

"House or cottage, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it the high copper castle."

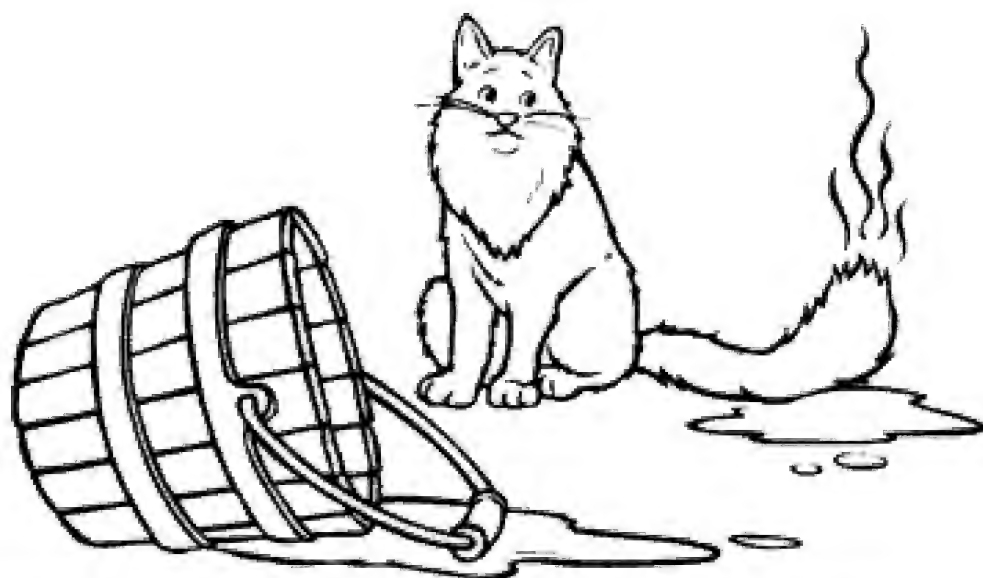


"Very well," said Margery, and she went about her chores. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "the old man is a bit addled. But I shall try to do his bidding. After all, I need a job and could certainly do worse than this one."

That very night, after the old man had gone off to bed, Margery sat by the fireside with some mending. Suddenly, the cat raced across the hearth chasing a mouse. The cat's tail swept through the glowing embers and began to burn. The cat ran madly through the house with flames leaping from her tail.

Margery jumped out of her chair. Thinking fast, she called out in her loudest voice, "Master of all masters, get out of your barnacle and put on your squibs and crackers. The white-faced simmony has got a spark of hot cockalorum on its tail, and unless you get some cool pondalorum, high copper castle will soon be all in cinders!"

And the old man sprang out of bed, fetched a pail of water and put out the fire. And from that day forward, the old man was content to call everything by its customary name.





Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Fox and the Stork



Long ago, Fox and Stork were friends. One evening, Fox invited Stork over for dinner. As a joke, he served only a shallow dish of thin soup. Fox lapped up the soup, but Stork could get only a few drops with her long, narrow bill.

"I am sorry that you do not like the soup," said Fox as he laughed behind Stork's back.

Stork did not complain or say that Fox was unfair. She just said, "Will you come to my house for dinner soon?" Fox quickly agreed to dine with Stork the following evening.

When Fox arrived at Stork's house, he smelled a delicious aroma. "I wonder what tasty meal Stork has cooked?"

Fox hurried to the table. Stork had made a stew filled with tiny bits of meat and vegetables. Stork brought the stew to the table in a tall jar with a narrow mouth. Now it was Stork's turn to laugh. She reached into the jar with her long, narrow bill and ate the delicious stew. Poor Fox sat by and watched. He could not get his snout far enough into the jar to reach the stew. He could only lick off the bits left on the mouth of the jar.

After dinner, the hungry Fox headed home. He knew that he could not blame Stork. He had been unkind to her. Fox had learned that you should treat others the way you want to be treated.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Why Making Maple Syrup Is Hard Work

Long ago, life on Earth was easy for people. Sunlight warmed the land. The forest, meadows, and lakes were home to countless animals. Hunters found plenty of game, and the rivers offered a bounty of fish. Berries hung heavy on the bushes, and the cornfields grew tall. Even the trees were full of sticky, sweet syrup.

One day, Nanabozho, the mighty ruler of the seasons and nature, went for a walk to enjoy the sights, sounds, and smells of the world. When he came upon the people's village, he was surprised. There was nobody to be seen. Nanabozho found no one fishing in the stream, no hunters wandering through the woods, and nobody weeding or hoeing in the cornfield. "How odd," he thought.

"Perhaps they are gathering berries," thought Nanabozho. As he walked toward the berry bushes, he saw a strange sight in the maple grove. The people were lying on their backs with their mouths open. They were catching the droplets of moist, sweet syrup that dripped from the trees. They did not want to get up to hunt, fish, or work in the fields.

Nanabozho thought to himself. "This cannot be. The people will become fat and lazy. They will not want to work anymore." Soon Nanabozho had a plan. He took a basket to the river. He filled the basket many times. Each time, he emptied it over the top of a maple tree. Soon the trees had watery, flavorless sap. Since then, people must work hard to gather that thin sap and boil it down into delicious, sweet syrup.





# Readers' Theater

**Page 66** What Is Readers' Theater?

**Page 67** The Grasshopper and the Ant  
*A script with 3 parts and a chorus*

**Page 69** Why Only Birds Fly South for the Winter\*  
*A script with 5 parts*

**Page 72** The Shoemaker and the Elves  
*A script with 12 parts*

**Page 77** The Three Spinners  
*A script with 9 parts*

\* Transparency provided



# Readers' Theater

## WHAT IS READERS' THEATER?

Readers' Theater is a minimalist way to perform plays. No costumes, props, or scenery are required. Students stand in front of an audience, scripts held in their hands or set on music stands. Very little movement is necessary. Readers' Theater provides the value of performing plays without the logistical considerations.

## WHY PERFORM READERS' THEATER?

Readers' Theater yields positive growth in reading skills. Classroom research indicates that students strengthen word recognition, fluency, and comprehension by practicing and performing Readers' Theater selections. In addition, students love to perform, and this enthusiasm carries over to many other aspects of the school day.

## HOW DO I START?

### Monday

- The teacher introduces or reviews the basics of Readers' Theater.
- Using the transparency copy on the overhead, the teacher reads the play through once, modeling how to read each part.
- The teacher assigns parts, or students volunteer for parts. At first, the teacher should assign parts. As the students gain experience with Readers' Theater procedures and become more fluent readers, they can volunteer or assign parts themselves.

### Tuesday through Thursday

- The teacher creates various practice opportunities—individual, group, and home sessions.

### Friday

- Select the performance time. Make it a special event, such as a festival on a Friday afternoon.
- Invite an audience. Classmates, another class, parents, or the principal and office staff make good audiences.
- Consider performing for an off-site audience within walking distance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_



## The Grasshopper and the Ant

### Characters

**Grasshopper**  
**Narrator**

**Ant Chorus**  
**Ant**

**Narrator:** It was summertime, and the days were warm and bright. The field was filled with insects. Bees and butterflies were flitting from flower to flower. Dragonflies were flying by. A grasshopper was hopping about the field. He saw a line of ants passing by. The ants were carrying seeds. The grasshopper said...

**Grasshopper:** Come play with me, let's have some fun.

**Narrator:** But the busy ants kept moving as they called to him...

**Ant Chorus:** We can't stop now, work must be done.

**Narrator:** The grasshopper spent his days hopping along and singing. Every day, he saw ants carrying seeds to the nest. And every day he said...

**Grasshopper:** Come play with me, let's have some fun.

**Narrator:** And every day the ants called to him...

**Ant Chorus:** We can't stop now. Work must be done.

**Narrator:** One day the grasshopper asked an ant...

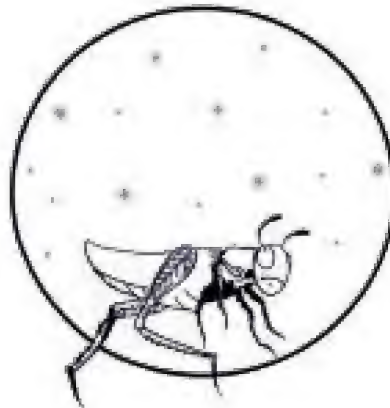
**Grasshopper:** Why are you working so hard? You could be playing in the warm summer sun.

**Ant:** I am helping to store food for the winter. I think you should do the same.

**Grasshopper:** Why bother about winter now? There is plenty of food to eat.

**Narrator:** The grasshopper hopped away to play. The ant went back to its work. When winter came, the ants were never hungry. They ate the food they had stored during the summer. But the poor grasshopper could find nothing to eat.

**Grasshopper:** Now I see why the ants worked so hard. When you have a lot, you should save some for later.





Name \_\_\_\_\_



## Why Only Birds Fly South for the Winter

### A Pourquoi Tale

#### Characters

**Narrator 1**

**Narrator 2**

**Narrator 3**

**Turtle**

**Birds**

**Narrator 1:** Leaves were beginning to fall from the aspen trees.

**Narrator 2:** Turtle was crawling around when he craned his head up and saw birds gathering in the trees. Their twittering and tweeting made Turtle curious.

**Turtle:** Hey! What's up?

**Birds:** Don't you know ANYTHING? Pretty soon, it's going to be cold here, and the food will be gone. Down south, it will be warm, and food will be everywhere.

**Turtle:** Can I come, too?

**Birds:** You have to fly to go south. You can't fly.

**Turtle:** Isn't there some way you could take me along? Please? I'll be good. I won't talk. I won't bug you. Please?

**Birds:** OK. Enough already. We're thinking. Can you hold onto a stick with your mouth?

**Turtle:** No problemo. Once I grab onto something, I don't let go till I'm ready.

**Birds:** Good. Then bite down hard on this stick. These two birds here will each grab one end in their claws. They'll carry you along. But remember, you have to keep your mouth shut!

**Turtle:** No problemo. Now let's go. I can hardly wait to see all that food!

**Narrator 3:** Two big birds came and grabbed each end. They flapped their wings hard and finally lifted Turtle off the ground. After a while, they were high in the sky headed south.

**Narrator 1:** Turtle had never been off the ground before, and he loved it. He could gaze down and see how small everything looked.

**Narrator 2:** But before long, Turtle began to wonder where they were. He wondered what lake was below and what hills he saw.

**Narrator 3:** Turtle wondered how far they had come and how far they had to go. He wanted to ask the two birds that were carrying him, but he couldn't talk with his mouth closed.

**Narrator 1:** Turtle tried waving his legs at the birds, but they just ignored him.

**Narrator 2:** Now Turtle was getting upset. Finally, he lost his temper.

**Turtle:** Why don't you...

**Narrator 3:** That was all he said. As soon as Turtle opened his mouth, he had to let go of the stick.

**Narrator 1:** And down, down, down he fell. He was so scared that he pulled his legs and his head into his shell.

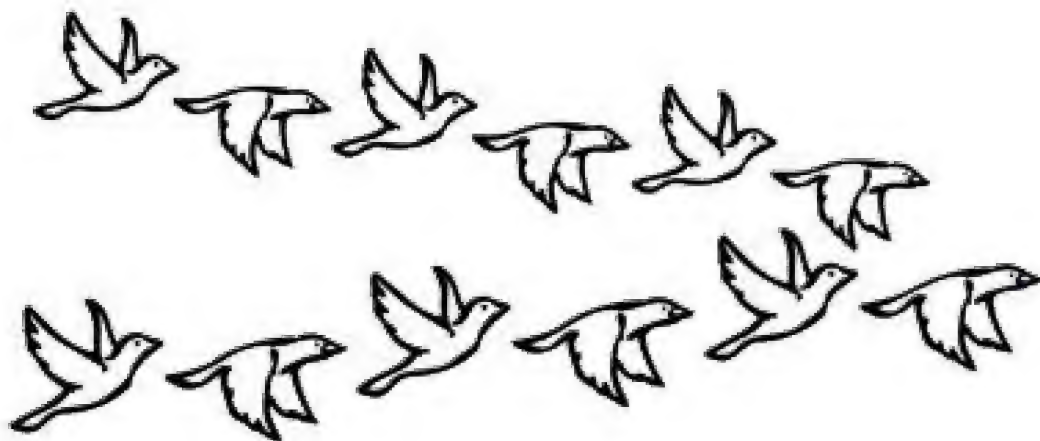
**Narrator 2:** When he hit the ground, he hit so hard that his shell cracked!

**Narrator 3:** He was lucky that he hadn't been killed. But he ached all over.

**Narrator 1:** He ached so much that he crawled into a pond, swam all the way down to the bottom, and dug into the mud. He wanted to get as far away from the sky as possible.

**Narrator 2:** Then he fell asleep, and he slept all through the winter and didn't wake up until spring.

**Narrator 3:** So that is why only birds fly south, while turtles sleep through the winter.





Name \_\_\_\_\_



## The Shoemaker and the Elves

Adapted from a Folk Tale by the Brothers Grimm

### Characters

<b>Narrator</b>	<b>Ann</b>
<b>Town Crier</b>	<b>Jacob</b>
<b>Hans</b>	<b>Cobbie</b>
<b>Gretchen</b>	<b>Sparkles</b>
<b>Maria</b>	<b>Stitchy</b>
<b>Wilhelm</b>	<b>Shiny</b>

**Narrator:** Many years ago in a clean, charming, small, quaint village in Germany, there lived a kind, thoughtful, good-hearted, and very poor—by no fault of his own, of course—shoemaker named Hans and his sweet, tidy, generous, kind wife named Gretchen.

**Town Crier:** Six o'clock, six o'clock, and things are really awful!

**Gretchen:** Hans, you have worked hard, and yet we have nothing. We have eaten only cabbage for weeks. We cannot buy leather to make more shoes to sell. Surely we will starve if someone does not buy this pair tomorrow.

**Hans:** Dear Gretchen, do not worry. I know someone will want these shoes. I will finish them tomorrow.

**Gretchen:** I hope you are right. You must be as hungry as I am. I am so tired of cabbage. I want bits of bacon and soft fluffy potatoes. Come, it is late. Let's get some rest.

**Town Crier:** Nine a.m., and life is full of surprises!

**Hans:** I've got to finish these shoes. Soon people will be walking by, and someone will need a new pair.

**Gretchen:** Hans, how did you finish those shoes so quickly? And they're beautiful!

**Hans:** It's a miracle! Who could have done this? I must put them in the window. They are so splendid, they will be sold this morning.

**Gretchen:** Dear Hans, I hope so, or it's boiled cabbage again.

**Maria:** Oh, Wilhelm, these are the finest shoes I have ever seen! Please buy them for me! I can wear them to the ball tonight!

**Wilhelm:** Oh, kind shoemaker, how much are these fine shoes?

**Hans:** Twenty-five dollars. Let me wrap them for you.

**Gretchen:** Hans, you have never sold a pair of shoes for so much money! We are rich! We can buy bacon and potatoes and enough leather for two more pairs of shoes. I can taste the bacon right now.

**Hans:** I had enough money to buy leather for three pairs of shoes. Already I have cut the leather. Tomorrow I will stitch them together.

**Gretchen:** These shoes will be even more wonderful than the ones you made today. Now let's enjoy our fluffy potatoes and crispy bacon.

**Town Crier:** Nine a.m., nine a.m., and things are looking better!

**Hans:** Gretchen, Gretchen, come quickly! Another miracle has taken place! All three pairs of shoes are finished!

**Gretchen:** This is wonderful! But who could have done this? Look at the workmanship. They will bring a good price. Put them in the window so people will see them!

**Ann:** I must have those red shoes in the window! They are the most beautiful shoes I have ever seen. I will pay you thirty dollars for your fine work.

**Jacob:** And I would like to buy the black boots. The craftsmanship is superb! I will pay you fifty dollars for your fine work.

**Hans:** They are yours! Let me wrap them for you.

**Gretchen:** Hans, we are rich! We can now buy enough leather for six pairs of shoes!

**Town Crier:** Twelve o'clock noon, twelve o'clock noon, and things are looking up!

**Narrator:** And so it went on. Each day, the kind, gentle, good-hearted, thoughtful, and not-so-poor shoemaker would buy more leather and cut it out. The next morning, the beautiful pairs of shoes would be sitting on the workbench. The kind, gentle, good-hearted, thoughtful, and no-longer-poor shoemaker and his sweet, clean, generous wife became very rich and had enough money to buy bacon, potatoes, nice clothes, and beautiful leather for new shoes. They never would have to eat cabbage again!

**Town Crier:** Nine a.m., nine a.m., and everything is wonderful!

**Hans:** Gretchen, we are so lucky to have enough money to buy all these things. But who is making the shoes? We must find out and thank them for helping us.



**Gretchen:** You are so right, Hans. We would still be eating cabbage if it were not for some kindly person who makes the shoes during the night.

**Hans:** I've got it! Let's hide behind the door tonight and see who comes and makes the wonderful shoes!

**Town Crier:** Twelve midnight, twelve midnight, and here they come!

**Elves:** We are elves, helpful elves, and we've come to save the day.  
We're the elves who make shoes, while we dance and play.  
Stitch and nail, stitch and nail, soon we will be done.  
There'll be shoes to fill the shop, shoes for everyone!

**Town Crier:** Six a.m., six a.m., and the shoes are all made.

**Hans:** Who would have thought that four little elves could do such fine work?

**Gretchen:** They have done so much for us. Let's do something for them.

**Hans:** Did you see how ragged their clothes were? And they didn't even have shoes to wear! Let's make clothes and shoes to keep them warm.

**Gretchen:** That's a wonderful idea, Hans! I can sew shirts and pants for them. You can make shoes for them. Let's get started right now. We can surprise them tonight!

**Hans:** Well, the clothes and shoes are all finished and set out on the work bench. Let's hide. They'll be here soon.

**Town Crier:** Twelve midnight, twelve midnight, time for the big surprise!

**Elves:** Here we come, here we come, dancing all the way.  
We're the elves who make the shoes, while we dance and play.  
Stitch and nail, stitch and nail, soon we will be done.  
There will be shoes to fill the shop, shoes for everyone.

**Cobbie:** What are these packages? Where is the leather for the shoes?

**Stitchy:** Do you think these are for us?

**Sparkles:** I'm pretty cute. Maybe they are all for me!

**Shiny:** No way! Let's open them.

**Sparkles:** Look at me! Don't I look cute? Ooh! I like that shirt better!

**Cobbie:** These shoes are so well made! Look at the craftsmanship!

**Stitchy:** And these pants are stitched so well!

**Shiny:** Shhh! We'll wake Hans and Gretchen. Wait a minute! They must have made these clothes and shoes for us.

**Sparkles:** Now that we look so fine, why should we work? Let's go home and celebrate! We have better things to do than make shoes!

**Town Crier:** One a.m., one a.m., and things are going to get bad.

**Narrator:** And so, as you might expect, the shoemaker and his wife did not have any more shoes to sell. They had to go back to eating cabbage and being poor. The elves heard about a jolly old man who made toys, so they went off to help him.

Name \_\_\_\_\_



## The Three Spinners

### *Characters*

**Narrator 1**

**Bertie**

**Narrator 2**

**Gertie**

**Laurel**

**Mae**

**Mother**

**Prince**

**Queen**

**Narrator 1:** Once upon a time, there was a very pretty, very bright, but very lazy girl named Laurel. She lived with her mother in a small cottage in the woods.

**Narrator 2:** Laurel's mother made a living by spinning wool and flax into fine thread. She worked hard, and she needed her daughter's help. But although Laurel's mother begged and pleaded, the girl simply refused to lift a finger. At last, her mother lost all patience.

**Mother:** I give up, you lazy girl! If you refuse to help me put food on the table, you'll just have to go and find your own living!

**Narrator 1:** At this, Laurel began to cry and scream. Fortunately for Laurel, at that very moment the queen happened to be driving by in her carriage. She heard the commotion and knocked at the cottage door.



**Queen:** What is going on here? Why is your daughter screaming so?

**Narrator 2:** The mother was ashamed to tell the queen that her daughter was so lazy. So quickly, she made up a lie.

**Mother:** I cannot get the girl to leave off spinning! She turns the wheel night and day! I am too poor to buy flax for her. And so she mourns.

**Queen:** What an industrious daughter you have! She shall come and live with me. I have endless supplies of flax for her busy hands.

**Narrator 1:** And so Laurel got into the queen's carriage and away they went to the palace. When they arrived, the queen took Laurel to a room that was filled, floor to ceiling, with flax.

**Queen:** Spin this flax for me, and you shall marry my son. I care not that you are poor. You are a hard worker, and that is a fine quality in a daughter. Now spin to your heart's content!

**Narrator 2:** And the queen closed the door, leaving the girl alone.

**Laurel:** Oh, what shall I do? I don't know how to spin, for I would never heed my mother long enough to learn. What shall become of me? Whatever shall I do?

**Narrator 1:** For three days, Laurel stayed in the room, weeping and pacing the floor. A servant brought her meals, but she barely touched the food. At last, the queen came to check on her progress.

**Queen:** But what's this? You haven't even begun to spin!

**Laurel:** I'm sorry, Your Highness, it's just that I have never been away from home before, and I miss my mother.

**Narrator 2:** The queen looked at the girl's tear-stained cheeks and believed her.

**Queen:** I understand, dear, but you must not pine. When the sun rises, begin your spinning and you will feel better.

**Narrator 1:** The queen again left Laurel alone. The girl went to the window and stared out into the dusk. She was startled to see three raggedy women walking toward her and calling her name.

**Gertie:** Hello, Laurel. We are Gertie, Bertie, and Mae. We understand your troubles and we have come to help you.

**Laurel:** Come in, then, quickly!

**Narrator 2:** The three women clambered in the window and stood before the girl. Laurel could see that Gertie's right foot was huge and flat. The left side of Bertie's bottom lip drooped down over her chin. And Mae's left hand sported a thumb the size of an eggplant.

**Bertie:** If we help you, you must repay us.

**Laurel:** But I have nothing to give you!

**Mae:** If we spin this flax for you, you will marry the young prince. You must invite us to your wedding and seat us at your table. You must call us your aunts and you must not be ashamed of us.

**Laurel:** Oh, I will gladly do as you ask. It is little enough.

**Narrator 1:** And so the three sat down to work. Gertie trod the wheel with her big foot. Bertie wetted the fiber on her droopy lip. And Mae twisted the thread against her gigantic thumb.

**Narrator 2:** Soon the flax was spun into a towering heap of fine, soft thread. When the queen came to the chamber that evening, she was extremely pleased.

**Queen:** You have done well, my child, and a promise is a promise. We shall have the wedding feast tonight.

**Laurel:** May I ask one favor, Queen? I wish to invite my dear old aunties to see me wed and to feast at our table.

**Queen:** That is little enough to ask. Your aunties are most welcome.

**Narrator 1:** That night, Gertie, Bertie, and Mae appeared at the castle for the festivities. The prince greeted them.

**Prince:** You must be Laurel's dear aunties. Tell me, how did you get that paddle of a foot?

**Gertie:** By treading the wheel, Sir, by treading the wheel.

**Prince:** And how did you get your falling lip?

**Bertie:** By wetting the fiber, Sir, by wetting the fiber.

**Prince:** And how did you get your humongous thumb?

**Mae:** By twisting the thread, Sir, by twisting the thread.

**Prince:** Then never again shall my lovely Laurel touch a spinning wheel!

**Narrator 2:** And she never did, much to her lasting happiness.



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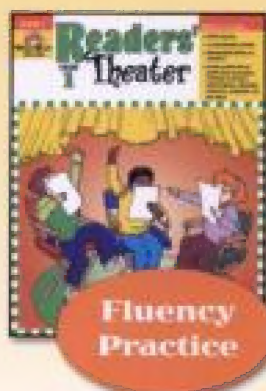
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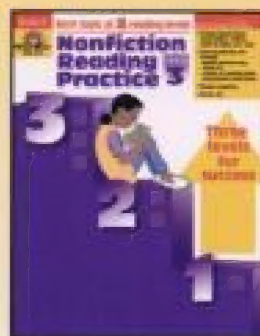


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